SELECT PORTIONS

of

PSALMS,

taken from

THE OLD AND NEW VERSIONS,

AND THAT OF Mr. MERRICK:

to which are added

A FEW HYMNS

from approved Authors:

Compiled for the Uſe of the Congregation of the

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH IN HALIFAX.

I will ſing with the Spirit, and I will ſing with the Underſtanding alſo.
1 Cor. xiv. 15.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In Songs of Praiſe their preſent Union ſhew:
Their Joys are full, *our* Expectation long,
In Life we differ, but we join in Song:
Angels and we, aſſiſted by this Art,
May ſing together, tho' we dwell apart.

Waller on Divine Poesy.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

The present state of Psalmody in our churches is become matter of just regret to serious persons, both clergy and laity.—Singing, as a part of public worship, is greatly fallen into neglect, or contempt, among us.—Whatever other reasons may be assigned for this, it can hardly be doubted but the improper choice of Psalms has greatly contributed to the evil.

The two authorized versions are, in general, literal translations of the Psalms, as applicable to David and the Jewish church.—It is often difficult to select from either of them half a dozen verses together, wherein such confined application does not occur: so that, however profitable they may be, (and surely they are so) for instruction and edification; many parts of them, it must be acknowledged, are not immediately calculated to assist devotion in Christian assemblies; their typical reference to the days of Messiah, and the christian church, not being generally understood.—To remedy this inconvenience selections have been recommended, and are now become very common.

PREFACE.

In the present one no Psalm is wholly omitted: a portion, greater or less, is inserted from each; so that it is hoped there will be found an agreeable and useful variety, not only of Psalms directly devotional, but of such also as contain matter of godly instruction and admonition.——

The short argument prefixed to each portion may be acceptable both to the person who selects the Psalm to be sung, and to the congregation.

The initials, O. V.—N. V.—and M. V. shew from what version each portion is selected.

The measures introduced are, in general, those, to which our plainest (that is, our best) tunes are adapted. —A little variety however will be found, which will not be unacceptable to those, who love sacred music, and wish to promote the cultivation of it.

May the blessing of GOD attend this feeble effort to advance the interests of his kingdom!

Halifax, September 11th, 1798.

ERRATA.

Page 7, *for* Pſalm IV. *read* Pſalm VI.
Pſalm LXXXIV. Part II. verſe 1, *for* behind *read* beſide.
Pſalm CXXII. verſe 2, *for* Nis *read* His.
Pſalm CXLVIII. verſe 3, *for* wind *read* winds.

PSALMS,

&c.

PSALM I.—N. V.

The different Characters and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners' ways, nor ſits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of GOD
His bus'neſs and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like ſome fair tree, which, fed by ſtreams,
With timely fruit does bend;
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
All his deſigns attend.

Ungodly men and their attempts
No laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

Their guilt ſhall ſtrike the wicked dumb,
Before the judge's face:
No formal hypocrite ſhall then
Among the ſaints have place.

For GOD approves the juſt man's ways,
To happineſs they tend:
But ſinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

PART I.—N. V.

The Establishment of Messiah's Kingdom, in Spite of human Opposition.

WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd rage
Why do the people ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform?

The great in council and in might
Their various forces bring:
Againſt the LORD they all unite,
And his anointed King.

But GOD, who ſits enthron'd on high,
And ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring ſtrength defy,
And mocks their vain deſign.

"Tho' madly you diſpute my will,
"The King that I ordain,
"Whoſe throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
"Shall there ſecurely reign."

PART II.

A Call to the World to ſubmit to Meſſiah.

LEARN now, ye princes, and give ear,
Ye people of the earth;
Worſhip the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

Appeaſe the Son with due reſpect,
Your timely homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.

If but in part his anger riſe,
Who can endure the flame?
Then bleſt are they, whoſe hope relies
On his moſt holy name.

PSALM III.—N. V.

GOD the Protector of his People.

A MORNING PSALM.

THOU, LORD, alone art my defence,
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and ſhalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

I Guarded by GOD, I laid me down,
My ſweet repoſe to take;
For I thro' him ſecurely ſleep,
Thro' him in ſafety wake.

Salvation to the LORD belongs,
He only can defend:
His bleſſings he extends to all,
Who on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

PART I.—N. V.

An Exhortation to Seriousness and Self-examination.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is GOD's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

Then ſtand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

The place of other ſacrifice
Let righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your hope, ſecurely fix'd,
On GOD alone rely.

PART II.

GOD's Favor the Felicity of the Righteous.

AN EVENING PSALM.

WHILE worldly minds impatient grow
More proſp'rous times to ſee;

Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, LORD, on me.

So ſhall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More laſting and more true,
Than theirs, who ſtores of corn and wine
Succeſſively renew.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful reſt;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.—O. V.

Prayer to GOD, as a holy and gracious GOD.

INCLINE thine ear, O LORD, and let
My words have free acceſs,
To thee, who art my GOD and King,
From whom I ſeek redreſs.

Such as be fooliſh ſhall not ſtand
In ſight of thee, O LORD;
Vain workers of iniquity
Thou ever haſt abhorr'd.

I therefore to thy houſe will come,
Relying on thy grace;

And rev'rently will worſhip thee
Towards thy holy place.

LORD, lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
And diſappoint my foes:
The way, wherein I ought to walk,
Before my face diſcloſe.

Thou with thy favor wilt increaſe
The juſt and righteous ſtill;
And with thy grace, as with a ſhield,
Defend their ſouls from ill.

PSALM IV.—M. V.

The Penitent's Prayer and Triumph.

O Spare me, LORD, nor o'er my head
The fulneſs of thy vengeance ſhed;
With pitying eye my weakneſs view,
Heal my vex'd ſoul, my ſtrength renew.

And O, if yet my ſins demand
The wiſe corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.

While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hoſtile ſtorms invade my ſoul,
Return, great God, return and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.

Hence ye profane! my Saviour hears,
While yet I ſpeak, he wipes my tears:
My Saviour hears, and deigns to ſave
His ſervant from the greedy grave.

PSALM VII.—M. V.

GOD's Obſervance of, and Diſpleaſure at, the Wicked.

TO God, my ſoul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care;
Th'impartial judge, whoſe eyes each day,
Indignant, ſcenes of guilt ſurvey.

If man his law refuſe to know,
He whets his ſword, he bends his bow,
He tips with fire the fatal dart,
Ordain'd to pierce the rebel's heart.

Sin's baneful growth do thou controul,
And guard from ill the upright ſoul;
For thou, juſt Lord, with ſearching eye,
The heart and inmoſt reins canſt try.

PSALM VIII.—N. V.

The Glory and Condescension of the Creator.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

What's man, say I, that, LORD, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind?

O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM IX.—N. V.

Praise to God as the sure Refuge of his Saints.

TO celebrate thy praise, O LORD,
I will my heart prepare;

To all the liſt'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The thoughts of them ſhall to my ſoul
Exalted pleaſure bring;
While to thy name, O thou Moſt High,
Triumphant praiſe I ſing.

God is a conſtant ſure defence
Againſt oppreſſing rage:
As troubles riſe, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All thoſe, who have his goodneſs prov'd,
Will in his truth confide,
Whoſe mercy ne'er forſook the man
That on his help rely'd.

PSALM X.—N. V.

The proud Oppreſſor's Ruin, and the patient Sufferer's Support.

TO own a pow'r above themſelves
The ſinners' pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn mind
No thought of God remains.

But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their deeds
Impartially doſt try;
Well may the humble ſuff'rer then
On thee for aid rely.

Defenceleſs ſhall the wicked fall,
Of all their ſtrength bereft;
GOD ſhall confound their dark deſigns,
'Till no remains are left.

GOD will the humble ſuppliants hear,
Who to his throne repair;
He firſt prepares their hearts to pray,
And then accepts their pray'r.

PSALM XI.—N. V.

The awful Proſpect of the Wicked from the righteous Character of GOD.

THE LORD hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above,
Whence he ſurveys the ſons of men,
And how their counſels move.

If GOD the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct;
What muſt the ſons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

Snares, fire and brimſtone, on their heads
Shall in one tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup ſhall pour.

The righteous LORD will righteous deeds
With signal favor grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.—O. V.

GOD the Help of his People in evil and corrupt Times.

HELP, LORD, for good and godly men
Do perish and decay:
And faith and truth from off the earth
Seem vanish'd quite away.

Now for the great complaint and cry
Of them that are distress'd,
I will arise, saith GOD the LORD,
And set their souls at rest.

GOD's word is like to silver pure,
That from the dross is try'd;
To silver, which hath in the fire
Been sev'n times purify'd.

Now since thy promise is to help,
LORD, keep thy promise then
And save us now, and evermore,
From all ungodly men.

PSALM XIII.—M. V.

Prayer to GOD in deep Distress.

HOW long ſhall I, my GOD, in vain
Preſs'd by a weight of griefs complain?
Say, ſhall I ſink in deep deſpair,
For ever baniſh'd from thy care?

Thy ſuppliant's voice attentive weigh,
And bid, O bid, thy heav'nly ray
With healing influence o'er me riſe,
Ere death's dark ſlumber cloſe my eyes.

PSALM XIV..—M. V.

The general Corruption of the World—a Prayer for GOD's Salvation.

TH' Eternal Monarch from on high
Caſt on the ſons of earth his eye,
If haply ſome he yet might ſee,
True to their GOD, from error free.

He look'd, but ah! not one could find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:

Each, led from wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſues the tenor of his way.

O mighty LORD, to Iſr'el's eyes
Bid, bid thy wiſh'd ſalvation riſe;
From Sion's hill the healing ray
Extend, and round us pour the day.

PSALM XV.—M. V.

The Character and Felicity of a true Citizen of Sion.

WHO ſhall tow'rd thy choſen ſeat
Turn in glad approach his Feet?
Who, great GOD, a welcome gueſt,
On thy hallow'd mountain reſt?

He whoſe heart thy love has warm'd,
He whoſe will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unſullied run,
He whoſe thoughts and words are one.

He who ne'er, with cruel aim,
Seeks to wound an honeſt fame;
Nor, with gloomy joy poſſeſs'd,
Can a brother's peace moleſt.

Who, from ſervile terror free,
Spurns at thoſe who ſpurn at thee;

And to each, who thee obeys,
Love and lowly rev'rence pays.

He who thus, with heart unſtain'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd,
He, great GOD, ſhall own thy care,
And thy conſtant bleſſing ſhare.

PSALM XVI.—N. V.

Gratitude for ſpiritual Privileges.

MY lot is fall'n in that bleſt land,
Where GOD is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand,
He makes his word my own.

In nature's moſt delightful ſcene
My happy portion lies;
The place of my ſecure abode
All other lands outvies.

Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the LORD,
Whoſe precepts give me light,
And chearing counſel ſtill afford
In ſorrow's diſmal night.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;

My fleſh ſhall reſt in hopes to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.—N. V.

The Saint's Prayer in Time of Perſecution.

THE wonders of thy truth and love
In my defence engage;
Thou, whoſe right-hand preſerves thy ſaints
From their oppreſſors' rage.

O! keep me in thy tend'reſt care,
Thy ſhelt'ring wings ſtretch out,
To guard me from my ſavage foes,
That compaſs me about.

From worldly men, thy ſharpeſt ſcourge,
Whoſe portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly ſtores, aſpire
No other bliſs to know.

But in uprightneſs I thy face
Shall view without controul;
And waking ſhall its image find
Reflected on my ſoul.

PSALM XVIII.—o. v.

Gratitude for Deliverance in Answer to Prayer,

O God, my ſtrength and fortitude,
Of force I muſt love thee;
Thou art my caſtle and defence
In my neceſſity.

My God, my rock, in whom I truſt,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my ſhield,
The horn of all my health.

When I ſing laud unto the Lord
Moſt worthy to be ſerv'd;
Then from my foes I am right ſure
That I ſhall be preſerv'd.

The pangs of death did compaſs me,
And bound me ev'ry where;
The flowing waves of wickedneſs
Did put me in great fear.

I, thus beſet with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And he forthwith heard my complaint
Out of his holy place.

The LORD descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'ns most high:
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He brought me forth in open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because he had
A favor unto me.

PSALM XIX.

PART I.—N. V.

GOD's Glory manifested in Creation—his Grace in his Word.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;

From darkeſt night's ſucceſſive rounds
Divine inſtruction ſprings.

GOD's perfect law converts the ſoul,
Reclaims from falſe deſires;
With ſacred wiſdom his ſure word
The ignorant inſpires.

The ſtatutes of the LORD are juſt,
And bring ſincere delight:
His pure commands in ſearch of truth
Aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.

PART II.

A Prayer for Grace againſt Sin, whether of Infirmity or Preſumption.

AH! what frail man obſerves how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O! cleanſe me from my ſecret faults,
Thou GOD, that know'ſt them all.

Let no preſumptuous ſin, O LORD,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preſerv'd, I may
The great tranſgreſſion flee.

So ſhall my pray'rs and praiſes be
With thy acceptance bleſt;

And I, ſecure on thy defence,
My ſtrength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XIX.

By Mr. ADDISON.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
Th'unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice, nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM XX.—N. V.

Dependance on GOD in Time of War.

TO thy ſalvation, LORD, for aid
We chearfully repair,
With banners in thy name diſplay'd,
"The LORD accept our pray'r."

Our hopes are fix'd that now the LORD
Our ſov'reign will defend;
From heav'n reſiſtleſs aid afford,
And to his pray'r attend.

Some truſt in ſteeds for war deſign'd,
On chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we call to mind
The pow'r of GOD moſt high.

Still ſave us, LORD, and ſtill proceed
Our rightful cauſe to bleſs:
Hear, king of heav'n, in times of need,
The pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.—O. V.

The Safety of pious Princes, and the Ruin of GOD's Enemies.

BECAUSE the king doth ſtrongly truſt
In GOD for to prevail,
Therefore his goodneſs and his grace
To ſave him will not fail.

Thine enemies ſhall feel thy force,
And all who thee withſtand;
Thy ſtubborn foes, O LORD, ſhall feel
The pow'r of thy right-hand.

Be thou exalted, mighty LORD,
Who art our ſtrength and pow'r;
So will we ſolemnly adore
And praiſe thy mighty pow'r.

PSALM XXII.—.N V.

The Sufferings and Glory of Meſſiah.

SEE Jeſus treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;

Not only by the great revil'd,
But made the rabble's mirth.

With laughter all the gazing crowd
His agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the lip, they ſhake the head,
And thus deriding ſay,

"In GOD he truſted, boaſting oft
"That he was heav'n's delight;
"Let GOD come down to ſave him now,
"And own his favorite.

Yet ſhall the glad converted world
To him their homage pay;
And ſcatter'd nations of the earth
One ſov'reign LORD obey.

Yet ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.—o. v.

GOD's paſtoral Care of his People.

MY ſhepherd is the living LORD,
I therefore nothing need;

In paſtures fair, near pleaſant ſtreams,
He ſetteth me to feed.

He ſhall convert and glad my ſoul,
And put my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteouſneſs
For his moſt holy name.

Yea tho' I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill:
Thy rod and ſtaff do comfort me,
And thou art with me ſtill.

Thro' all my life thy favor is
So frankly ſhewn to me,
That in thy houſe for evermore
My dwelling-place ſhall be.

PSALM XXIII.

By Mr. ADDISON.

THE LORD my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

Tho' in a rare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV.—o. v.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion into Glory.

YE gates, and everlaſting doors,
Lift up your heads on high;

Then ſhall the King of glorious ſtate
Come in triumphantly.

Who is the King of glorious ſtate?
The great and mighty LORD;
The mighty LORD, in battle ſtrong,
And trial of the ſword.

Ye gates, and everlaſting doors,
Lift up your heads on high;
Then ſhall the King of glorious ſtate
Come in triumphantly.

Who is the King of glorious ſtate?
The LORD of hoſts it is:
The kingdom and the royalty
Of glorious ſtate are his.

PSALM XXV.—N. V.

A Prayer for Pardon and Mercy, with a Declaration of GOD's gracious Character.

THY mercies and thy love,
O LORD, recall to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
As thou wert ever kind.

Let all my youthful crimes,
Be blotted out by thee,

And, for thy wond'rous goodneſs' ſake,
In mercy think on me.

His mercy and his truth
The righteous LORD diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring ſinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

He thoſe in juſtice guides,
Who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred paths ſhall lead
The humble and the meek.

PART II.

SINCE mercy is the grace
That moſt exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous ſins, O LORD,
And ſo advance thy name.

Whoe'er with humble fear
To GOD his homage pays,
Shall find the LORD a faithful guide
In all his righteous ways.

For GOD to all his ſaints
His ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

To Iſrael's choſen race
Continue ever kind;
And, in the midſt of all their wants,
Let them thy ſuccour find.

PSALM XXVI.—M. V.

A Prayer for Deliverance from the End of the Ungodly.

HOW oft, inſtinct with warmth divine,
Thy threſhold have I trod!
How lov'd the courts, whoſe walls inſhrine
The glory of my GOD!

O! let me not the vengeance ſhare,
That waits the guilty tribe,
Whoſe murd'rous hands each miſchief dare,
And graſp the offer'd bribe.

But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
The path by thee prepar'd,
Thy beams of mercy on my head,
And round me plant a guard.

PSALM XXVII.—N. V.

Confidence in GOD, and Delight in his Worship.

WHOM ſhall I fear, ſince GOD to me
Is ſaving health and light?
Since ſtrongly he my life ſupports,
What can my ſoul affright?

Henceforth within his houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire;
His wond'rous beauty there to view,
And his bleſt will enquire.

For there I may with comfort reſt
In times of deep diſtreſs;
And ſafe, as on a rock, abide
In that ſecure receſs.

Whilſt GOD o'er all my haughty foes
My lofty head ſhall raiſe,
My joyful off'rings I will bring,
And ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

PSALM XXVIII—O. V.

Praise to GOD our Helper and Defender.

TO render thanks unto the LORD
How great a cauſe have I!

He to the voice of my complaint
Vouchſaf'd a kind reply.

He is my ſhield and fortitude,
My buckler in diſtreſs;
My heart rejoiceth in his name,
My tongue ſhall him confeſs.

He is our ſtrength, and our defence,
Our foes for to reſiſt;
The refuge, and the ſaving health
Of his elect by Chriſt.

Thy people and thy heritage
LORD, bleſs, guide, and preſerve;
Increaſe them, LORD, and rule their hearts,
That they may never ſwerve.

PSALM XXIX.—N. V.

Praise to the GOD of the Elements.

YE princes that in might excel,
Your grateful ſacrifice prepare;
GOD's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.

'Tis He that with amazing noiſe
The wat'ry clouds in ſunder breaks;

The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.

How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majeſtic terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round.

He makes the hinds to caſt their young,
And lays the beaſts' dark coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his courts belong,
Securely ſing his praiſes there.

God rules the angry floods on high,
His boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe;
His people he'll with ſtrength ſupply,
And bleſs his own with conſtant peace.

PSALM XXX.—o. v.

PART I.

GOD's Chaſtiſements gentle, and of ſhort Duration.

SING praiſe, ye ſaints, that prove and ſee
The goodneſs of the Lord;
In honour of his Majeſty
Rejoice with one accord.

For why? his wrath is but a ſpace,
And ſoon doth ceaſe again;
But in his favor and his grace
Do life and joy remain.

Tho' heavineſs, and trouble ſore,
May tarry for a night;
The LORD to joy ſhall us reſtore,
Before the day be light.

PART II.

GOD's Diſcipline to ſanctify Proſperity.

WHEN I enjoy'd the world at will,
Thus would I boaſt and ſay,
"Tuſh—I am ſure to feel no ill,
"My wealth ſhall ne'er decay."

For thou, O LORD, of thy good grace,
Didſt ſend me ſtrength and aid;
But thou didſt turn away thy face,
And then was I diſmay'd.

Then I again began to cry
To thee, O LORD of might;
And my complaints did multiply,
Praying both day and night.

My GOD, ſaid I, ſome pity take,
I earneſtly deſire;
Let not thy grace my ſoul forſake,
Of thee I help require.

Then didſt thou turn my grief and woe
Into a chearful voice;
Thy praiſes therefore will I ſhew,
And in my name rejoice.

PSALM XXXI.—N. V.

GOD's Providence, Mercy, Juſtice, and Grace.

WHATE'ER events betide,
Thy wiſdom times them all;
Then, LORD, thy ſervant ſafely hide
From thoſe that ſeek his fall.

How great thy mercies are
To ſuch as fear thy name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy care,
Doſt to the world proclaim.

O! all ye ſaints, the LORD
With eager love purſue;
Who to the juſt will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

Ye that on GOD rely,
Courageouſly proceed;
For he will ſtill your hearts ſupply
With ſtrength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.—N. V.

The Blessedness of the True Penitent.

HE's bleſt, whoſe ſins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe repentance is ſincere.

No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

True penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek thee while thou mayſt be found;
Theſe from the common deluge freed.
Shall ſee remorſeleſs ſinners drown'd.

PSALM XXXIII.—O. V.

The Godly exhorted to Praise.

YE righteous, in the LORD rejoice,
It is a ſeemly ſight,
That upright men, with heart and voice,
Should praiſe the LORD of might.

Sing to the LORD a ſong moſt new,
With courage give him praiſe;
For why? His word is ever true,
His works, and all his ways.

Both judgment, equity, and right
He ever lov'd, and will;
And with his gifts he doth delight
The earth throughout to fill.

Let all the earth then fear the LORD,
And keep his righteous law;
And all the world, with one accord,
For ever ſtand in awe.

PART II.—N. V.

OUR ſoul on GOD with patience waits,
Our help and ſhield is he;

Then, LORD, let ſtill our hearts rejoice,
Becauſe we truſt in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, LORD,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.—N. V.

PART I.

Encouragement to trust and fear GOD.

THE hoſts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his ſuccour truſt.

O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſt they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye ſaints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his ſervice your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The LORD will food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in Him,
And ſee their wants ſupply'd.

PART II.—O. V.

Religion the truest Happiness even in this Life.

WHO is the man that would live long,
And lead a happy life?
See thou refrain thy lips and tongue
From all deceit and ſtrife.

Turn back thy face from doing ill,
And do the godly deed;
Seek after peace and quietneſs,
And follow it with ſpeed.

For why? The eyes of GOD above
Upon the juſt are bent;
His ears are open to the cry
Of the poor innocent.

But GOD doth frown, and bend his brow
Upon the wicked train;
Nor will his juſtice long allow
Their mem'ry to remain.

But they that fear the living LORD,
Are ever ſafe and ſound;
And as for thoſe that truſt in him,
Nothing ſhall them confound.

PSALM XXXV.—o. v.

A Prayer for GOD's Help againſt ſpiritual Enemies.

LORD, help my ſoul againſt my foes,
Confound their force and might;
And take my part againſt all thoſe,
That ſeek with me to fight.

Lay hold upon the ſpear and ſhield,
Thyſelf in armour dreſs:
Stand up with me to fight the field,
And help me from diſtreſs.

Gird on thy ſword, and ſtop the way,
My enemies withſtand;
Unto my ſoul in mercy ſay,
"I am thy help at hand."

Then will I ſpeak thy praiſes forth,
(While heart and tongue agree)
And ſay, O GOD of heav'n and earth,
What one is like to thee?

PSALM XXXVI.—o. v.

GOD's Mercy, and the Provisions of his House.

THY mercy is above all things,
O God, it doth excel;
In truſt whereof, as in thy wings,
The ſons of men ſhall dwell.

Within thy houſe they ſhall be fed,
With plenty at their will;
Reviving ſtreams, and heav'nly bread,
Their fainting ſouls ſhall fill.

Becauſe the well of life moſt pure
Doth ever flow from thee;
And in thy light we are full ſure
Eternal light to ſee.

From thoſe, who thee deſire to know,
Let not thy grace depart;
Thy righteouſneſs declare and ſhew,
To men of upright heart.

THE SAME.—N. V.

SINCE of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt

Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt!

Such gueſts ſhall to thy houſe be led,
To banquet on thy love's repaſt;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

With thee the ſprings of life remain,
Thy preſence is eternal day:
O! let thy ſaints thy favor gain,
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay.

PSALM XXXVII.—M. V.

An Exhortation to Faith, Patience, and Resignation.

LET not the ſinner's wealth or might
The envy of thy ſoul excite:
Anon thine eye ſhall ſee him fade,
Quick as the flow'r, or vernal blade.

Submit thy will to heav'n's high LORD,
(His faith thy truſt, thy rule his word)
In him delight, on him depend,
Him chuſe thy guide, thy way, thy end.

So ſhall his love thy wiſhes grant,
His care anticipate thy want;

And bid thy acts, in light ſerene,
Fair as the riſing morn be ſeen.

That GOD, ye ſaints, whoſe love ye ſeek,
The arm of lawleſs pow'r ſhall break;
Nor ſhame nor want the heart attends,
Whoſe truſt on Jacob's GOD depends.

PSALM XXXVIII.—N. V.

A Penitential Psalm.

THY chaſt'ning wrath, O LORD, reſtrain,
Tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the ſtorm
Of thy diſpleaſure fall.

My ſins, which to a deluge ſwell,
My ſinking head o'erflow;
And for my feeble ſtrength to bear,
Too vaſt a burden grow.

But, LORD, before thy ſearching eyes,
All my deſires appear;
And ſure my groans have been too loud,
Not to have reach'd thine ear.

Forſake me not, O LORD my GOD,
Nor far from me depart;

Make haſte to my relief, O thou,
Who my ſalvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.—N. V.

The Frailty and Mortality of Man.

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How ſoon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills diſcloſe,
Which this frail ſtate attend.

My life, thou know'ſt, is but a ſpan,
A cypher ſums my years;
And ev'ry man, in beſt eſtate,
But vanity appears.

Man like a ſhadow vainly walks,
With fruitleſs cares oppreſs'd:
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

Why ſhould I then on worthleſs joys
With anxious care attend?
On thee alone my ſtedfaſt hope
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And liſten to my pray'r,

Who ſojourn like a ſtranger here,
As all my Fathers were.

O! ſpare me yet a little time,
My fainting ſoul reſtore,
Before I quite depart from hence,
And ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.—o. v.

The happy Effects of patient waiting upon GOD.

I Waited long, and ſought the LORD,
And patiently did bear:
At length to me he did accord,
My voice and cry to hear.

He brought me from the dreadful pit,
Out of the mire and clay:
Upon a rock he ſet my feet,
And he did guide my way.

To me he taught a pſalm of praiſe,
Which I muſt ſhew abroad;
And ſound thankſgivings all my days,
Unto the Lord our GOD.

Theſe things when all the people ſee,
Rejoicing, yet afraid;

Then they unto the LORD ſhall flee,
And truſt upon his aid.

PSALM XLI.—N. V.

GOD's Blessing on the Tender and Compassionate.

HAPPY the man, whoſe tender care
Relieves the poor diſtreſt:
When he's by troubles compaſs'd round,
The LORD ſhall give him reſt.

The LORD his life, with bleſſings crown'd,
In ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe,
Who ſeek to do him wrong.

If he, in languiſhing eſtate,
Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs lie;
The LORD will eaſy make his bed,
And inward ſtrength ſupply.

Secure of this, to thee my GOD,
I thus my pray'r addreſs'd,
"LORD for thy mercy heal my ſoul,
"Tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd."

PSALM XLII.—N. V.

Absence from GOD's House lamented.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
When heated in the chaſe;
So longs my ſoul, O GOD, for thee,
And thy refreſhing grace.

For thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirſty ſoul doth pine;
O! when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou Majeſty divine!

I ſigh, whene'er my muſing thoughts
Thoſe happy days preſent;
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of Him, who is thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal ſpring.

PSALM XLIII.—O. V.

Prayer to, and humble Confidence in, GOD.

O LORD, ſend out thy light and truth,
And lead me by thy grace;

Which may conduct me to thy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

Then shall I to thy altar go,
With joy to worship there;
And on my harp give thanks to thee,
O GOD, my GOD most dear.

Why art thou then so sad, my soul?
Why troubled in my breast?
Still trust in GOD, for him to praise
I hold it always best.

By him deliv'rance I obtain,
From all my pain and grief;
He is my GOD, who ne'er will fail
To send me due relief.

PSALM XLIV.—N. V.

A Prayer to the GOD of our Fathers.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
The wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than theirs.

As thee their GOD our fathers own'd,
Thou art our sov'reign King;

O! therefore, as thou didſt to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

O! wherefore hideſt thou thy face
From our afflicted ſtate?
Whoſe ſouls and bodies ſink to earth,
With grief's oppreſſive weight.

Ariſe, O LORD, and timely haſte
To our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, LORD, tho' not for our's,
Yet for thy mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV—o. v.

The Majesty and Grace of King Messiah.

MY heart doth take in hand
Some godly ſong to ſing:
The praiſe that I ſhall ſhew therein
Pertaineth to the king.

O fairer than all men!
Thy lips with grace are pure;
For GOD hath bleſſed thee with gifts
For ever to endure.

About thee gird thy ſword,
O prince of might elect,

With honor, glory and renown,
Thou art moſt richly deckt.

Go forth with godly ſpeed,
With meekneſs, truth, and right:
And thy right-hand ſhall thee inſtruct
In works of dreadful might.

Thy arrows ſharp and keen,
Their hearts ſo ſore ſhall ſting,
That they ſhall crouch, and kneel to thee,
Yea all thy foes, O king.

Thy royal ſeat, O LORD,
For ever ſhall remain;
Becauſe the ſceptre of thy realm
Doth righteouſneſs maintain.

Therefore thy holy name
All ages ſhall record;
The people ſhall give thanks to thee,
For evermore, O LORD.

PSALM XLVI.—M. V.

A Call to obſerve the Providence and Judgments of GOD.

O! come, behold a ſcene of dread!
Behold a world with ſlaughter ſpread!

And know 'tis GOD, who bids each land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.

'Tis his again the earth to chear,
To break the bow, to ſnap the ſpear;
To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
And huſh the tumult of the war.

" Be ſtill, ye ſons of pride, and own
" That I am GOD, and I alone:
" Exalted o'er each heathen land,
" Exalted o'er the earth I ſtand."

PSALM XLVII.—N. V.

Praise to our exalted King and Saviour.

O All ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant praiſes ſing:
No force the mighty pow'r withſtands
Of GOD the univerſal king.

GOD is gone up, our LORD and king,
With ſhouts of joy, and trumpet's ſound:
To Him repeated praiſes ſing,
And let the chearful ſong go round.

Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhewn,
To Him who all the world commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous throne,
And ſpreads his ſway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM XLVIII.—N. V.

GOD great, and to be praised, in his Church.

THE LORD, the only GOD, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd,
In Sion, on whoſe happy mount
His ſacred throne is rais'd.

According to thy ſov'reign name,
Thy praiſe thro' earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as juſtice guides,
Chaſtiſes, or defends.

Let Sion's mount with joy reſound,
Her daughters all be taught,
In ſongs his judgments to extol,
The wonders he has wrought.

This GOD is ours, and will be ours,
Whilſt we in him confide;
Who, as he has preſerv'd us now,
Till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.—N. V.

Worldly Grandeur vain and transitory.

O Fear not thou, when worldly men
In envy'd wealth abound;
Nor tho' their proſp'rous houſe increaſe,
With ſtate and honour crown'd.

For when they're ſummon'd hence by death,
They leave all this behind:
No ſhadow of their former pomp
Within the grave they find.

For man, how great ſo e'er his ſtate,
Unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual beaſt he lives,
So like a beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

GOD the awful Judge.

A NEW VERSION ADAPTED TO THE ORIGINAL TUNE.

THE mighty GOD, the GOD that rules on high,
His voice has iſſu'd from the lofty ſky;

From eaſt to weſt he ſends his ſolemn call,
Summons the nations of this earthly ball;
In awful pomp he comes: while ſinners tremble,
To earth, to heav'n he calls, "Attend—Aſſemble."

Hear, ſaith the judge, my people's guilt appears:
Iſrael, thy GOD againſt thee witneſs bears:
No lack of ſacrifice provokes mine ire,
No blood of goats or bullocks I deſire;
(The beaſts, the birds are mine, are all before me,)
The claim I make, is, "Let thy heart adore me."

To GOD thy tribute pay, thy vow perform,
So ſhall he ſave thee from each threat'ning ſtorm;
But why profeſs, vain wretch, my law to chuſe,
While yet thy heart each wickedneſs purſues?
I know thy guilt: tranſgreſſions without number
Mine eye beholds, nor ſhall my vengeance ſlumber.

O hearken then, conſider, and be wiſe,
Ye that forget him, and his laws deſpiſe;
None can preſerve you, if his anger burn,
None ſhall offend you, if to him you turn:
Who ſerve him truly, on his grace depending,
Theſe have rich bleſſings on their heads deſcending.

PSALM LI.—N. V.

Confession of Sin, original and actual.

HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſs'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this ſinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd and born,
The heir of ſin and ſhame.

Blot out my crying ſins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
His everlaſting flight.

PART II.

The Sacrifices of GOD a broken Spirit.

MY heinous guilt remove,
My Saviour and my GOD;
And my glad tongue ſhall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.

Could ſacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
To caſt a gracious eye.

A broken ſpirit is
By GOD moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be deſpis'd.

PSALM LII.—N. V.

The Destruction of the Wicked foretold—the blessed Hope of the Godly.

IN vain do lawleſs men of might
Exult and boaſt in ill;

Since GOD, the GOD in whom I truſt,
Vouchſafes his favor ſtill.

GOD ſhall for ever blaſt their hopes,
And ſnatch them ſoon away;
Nor in their dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the world to ſtay.

But I am like thoſe olive-plants,
That ſhade GOD's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace
To be for ever crown'd.

So ſhall my ſoul with praiſe, O GOD,
Extol thy wond'rous love;
And on thy name with patience wait,
For this thy ſaints approve.

PSALM LIII.—M. V.

The Corruption of the World—A Prayer for GOD's Salvation.

TH' Eternal Monarch from on high
Caſt on the ſons of earth his eye,
If haply ſome he there might ſee,
True to their GOD, from error free.

He look'd—but ah! not one could find,
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:

Each, led from wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſues the tenor of his way.

O mighty LORD, to Iſr'el's eyes
Bid, bid thy wiſh'd ſalvation riſe:
From Sion's hill the healing ray
Extend, and round us pour the day.

PSALM LIV.—O. V.

Trust in GOD, in Times of Perſecution.

STRANGERS, O LORD, againſt me riſe,
And tyrants vex me ſtill;
Who have not GOD before their eyes,
They ſeek to do me ill.

But lo! my GOD doth give me aid,
The LORD is nigh at hand:
With them, by whom my ſoul is ſtay'd,
The LORD doth ever ſtand.

An off'ring of free heart and will
To thee I'll therefore make;
And praiſe thy name, for therein ſtill
Great comfort do I take.

PSALM LV.—N. V.

A Prayer in deep Distress.

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble ſuppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

My heart is rack'd with pain, my ſoul
With deadly frights diſtreſs'd;
With fear and trembling compaſs'd round,
With horror quite oppreſs'd.

But I will call on GOD, who ſtill
Shall in my aid appear:
At morn, and noon, and night I'll pray,
And he my voice ſhall hear.

PSALM LVI.—O. V.

Joy in the Word and Promise of GOD.

I Glory in the word of GOD,
To praiſe it I accord:

With joy I will declare abroad
The promiſe of the LORD.

I truſt in GOD the LORD, and ſay,
As I before began,
The LORD he is my help and ſtay,
Nor do I care for man.
I will preſent, with heart moſt free,
The tribute of my praiſe;
My vows I'll pay, O GOD, to thee,
And bleſs thee all my days.

PSALM LVII.—N. V.

Praise to GOD.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to preſent;
And with my heart my voice I'll raiſe
To thee, my GOD, in ſongs of praiſe.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your ſtrings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early morn awake.

Thy praiſes, LORD, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning nations round:

Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O GOD, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.—M. V.

The early Proofs, and ſtubborn Progreſs, of Sin.

FROM the womb, in error's way,
See the infant ſinner ſtray;
Hearts they bear, that deep within
Cheriſh each ſuggeſted ſin.

Nurtur'd in deceit and wrong,
See them, with advent'rous tongue,
(Prompt their earlieſt ſkill to try)
Liſp the meditated lye.

Then, on fierce contention bent,
Arts of miſchief they invent;
And the dictates of their will
With remorſeleſs hands fulfil.

GOD his wrath divine ſhall ſhed,
Quick on each rebellious head:

Each at length convinc'd ſhall cry,
"Doubtleſs there's a GOD on high."

PSALM LIX.—N. V.

GOD our Health and Strength.

ON GOD I wait, 'tis on his ſtrength
For ſuccour I depend;
'Tis thou, O GOD, art my defence,
Who only canſt defend.

Thy mercy, LORD, which has ſo oft
From danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my wiſhes, and ſubdue
My haughty foes to me.

To thee, with never-ceaſing praiſe,
O GOD, my ſtrength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my GOD, the rock from whence
My health and ſafety ſpring.

PSALM LX.—N. V.

Humiliation in Times of unſucceſsful War, and national Diſcord.

O GOD, who haſt our troops diſpers'd,
Forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt;

As we thy juſt diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in mercy, LORD, return.

Our ſtrength, which firm as earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand:
O! heal the breaches thou haſt made,
We ſhake, we fall, without thy aid.

Our folly's ſad effects we feel,
For drunk with diſcord's cup we reel:
Let thy right-hand thy ſaints protect,
LORD, hear the pray'rs that we direct.

Do thou our fainting cauſe ſuſtain,
For human ſuccours are but vain:
Freſh ſtrength and courage GOD beſtows,
'Tis He treads down our proudeſt foes.

PSALM LXI.—o. v.

Prayer, and Confidence in GOD's Protection.

REGARD, O LORD, for I complain,
And make my ſuit to thee;
Let not my words return in vain,
But give an ear to me.

Upon the rock of thy great pow'r
My woeful mind repoſe:
Thou art my hope, my truſt, and tow'r,
My fence againſt my foes.

Within thy tent I long to dwell,
There ever to abide:
Under thy wings, I know right well,
I ſhall me ſafely hide.

The LORD doth my deſire regard,
And doth fulfil the ſame:
With riches great will he reward
All thoſe that fear his name.

PSALM LXII.—o. v.

An Exhortation to truſt in, call upon, and fear GOD.

O Put your truſt, ye people all,
In GOD with one accord;
Pour out your hearts to him, and ſay,
Our truſt is in the LORD.

Truſt not in robbery and wrong,
Let vain delights be gone;
If riches ſuddenly flow in,
Set not your hearts thereon.

The LORD long ſince one thing did tell,
Which here to mind I call;
He ſpake it oft, I heard it well,
That He alone doth all.

Thou, LORD, art ever good and kind,
Thy mercy doth exceed;
But yet all ſorts with thee ſhall find
According to their deed.

PSALM LXIII.—o. v.

Longing Desires after GOD.

O GOD, my GOD, I early ſeek
To come to thee in haſte;
For why? my ſoul and body both
Do thirſt of thee to taſte.

And in this barren wilderneſs,
Where waters there are none,
My fleſh is parch'd for thought of thee,
For thee I wiſh alone.

For why? thy mercies far ſurmount
This life and wretched days;
My lips ſhall therefore give to thee
Due honor, laud and praiſe.

Yea, while I live, I will not fail
To praiſe thee day by day;
And in thy name lift up my hands,
And for thy mercy pray.

PSALM LXIV.—N. V.

Sinners exposed—GOD's Juſtice displayed—the righteous triumphant.

THE ſlanders, which the wicked vent,
Upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their crimes diſclos'd ſhall make them be
Deſpis'd, and ſhunn'd by all.

The World ſhall then the LORD confeſs,
And nations trembling ſtand;
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand.

While righteous men, by GOD ſecur'd,
In him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning earth ſhall hear
Loud triumphs of the juſt.

PSALM LXV.—N. V.

GOD's abounding Mercy.

O Thou, who to my humble pray'r
Doſt always lend thy liſt'ning ear,
To Thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our ſins, tho' numberleſs, in vain
To ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon dye.

Bleſt is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred dwelling lives;
While we at humble diſtance taſte
The vaſt delights thy temple gives.

PSALM LXVI.—N. V.

A Call to the World to own the Glory, Power, and Majesty of GOD.

LET all the lands, with ſhouts of joy,
To GOD their voices raiſe;

Sing pſalms in honor of his name,
And ſpread his glorious praiſe.

And let them ſay, How dreadful, LORD,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Thro' all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their GOD confeſs;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great name expreſs.

O! come, behold the works of GOD,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
Has wond'rous judgments ſhewn.

He, by his pow'r, for ever rules,
His eyes the world ſurvey;
Let nó preſumptuous man rebel
Againſt his ſov'reign ſway.

PSALM LXVII.—N. V.

A Prayer for Blessings on the Earth, temporal and spiritual.

TO bleſs thy choſen race
In mercy, LORD, incline;

And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy ſaints to ſhine.

That ſo thy wond'rous way
May thro' the world be known;
While diſtant lands their tribute pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

O let them ſhout and ſing,
Diſſolv'd in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

Then ſhall the teeming ground
A large increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with plenty ſhall be crown'd,
Which GOD, our GOD, beſtows.

Then GOD upon our land
Shall conſtant bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the world in awe ſhall ſtand
Of his reſiſtleſs pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.—N. V.

Jehovah's Majesty and Condescension.

TO GOD your voice in anthems raise,
JEHOVAH's awful name he bears:
In Him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws;
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

For benefits each day bestow'd
Be daily his great name ador'd!
Who is our Saviour, and our GOD,
Of life and death the sov'reign LORD.

How awful are the sacred courts,
Where GOD has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports,
To Him give praise, and Him alone.

PSALM LXIX.—M. V.

Prayer to GOD that seeth in secret.

TO thee, my GOD, to thee alone,
The errors of my heart are known;

Thine eyes my inmoſt guilt have view'd,
Nor can my thoughts thy ſearch elude.

O let me, in th'accepted hour,
To thee in pray'r my ſpirit pour;
Thine ear, O LORD, propitious bend,
And pleas'd thy promis'd help extend.

Hear, LORD, and to my ſoul diſplay
Thy mercy's all-enliv'ning ray;
Look down, eternal GOD, look down,
Behold me, but without a frown.

And O! while preſs'd with ills I lie,
Caſt on my ſtate a pitying eye;
And let thy mercy to my grief
In full ſufficience yield relief.

PSALM LXX.—o. v.

Shame the Portion of GOD's Enemies—Happiness the Portion of his People.

GOD will confound them all,
Who do oppoſe his will:
They ſhall be turned back and fall,
That wiſh his people ill.

But thoſe ſhall bleſſed be
With joy and godly wealth,

Who only truſt, and ſeek to thee,
And to thy ſaving health.

They ſhall their voices raiſe,
And ſay with one accord,
All glory, honour, laud, and praiſe
Be given to the LORD.

PSALM LXXI.—N. V.

GOD's Righteouſness celebrated.

THY righteous acts and ſaving health,
My mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt care.

While GOD vouchſafes me his ſupport,
I'll in his ſtrength go on;
All other righteouſneſs diſclaim,
And mention his alone.

How high thy juſtice ſoars, O GOD,
How great and wond'rous are
The mighty works, which thou haſt done!
Who may with thee compare?

Therefore with pſalt'ry and with harp
Thy truth, O LORD, I'll praiſe;

To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raiſe.

PSALM LXXII.—N. V.

Meſſiah's Glory a never-ending Subject of Praiſe.

THE mem'ry of Meſſiah's name
Thro' endleſs years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs fame ſhall ſhine as bright,
And laſting, as the Sun.

In Him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bleſt;
And his unbounded happineſs
By ev'ry tongue confeſs'd.

Then bleſt be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Iſrael fears;
Who only wond'rous in his works.
Beyond compare appears.

Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bleſs his name;
Whilſt to his praiſe the liſt'ning world
Their glad aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.—N. V.

GOD the present Solace, and future Portion, of his People.

WHOM, LORD, in heav'n but thee alone
Have I, whose favor I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I besides thee can desire.

My trembling flesh, and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But GOD shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

Then as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to GOD repair;
In Him I always put my trust,
And will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.—N. V.

Praise to GOD, as the Worker of Miracles, and Governor of Nature.

SING to the LORD, whose kingly pow'r
Has for his people fought;
Who oft throughout the wond'ring world
Has great salvation wrought.

'Twas thou, O GOD, that didſt the ſea
With thy own ſtrength divide;
Didſt break the wat'ry monſters' head,
The waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.

Thou clav'ſt the ſolid rock, and mad'ſt
The waters largely flow;
Again thou mad'ſt thro' parting ſtreams
Thy wand'ring people go.

Thine is the chearful day, and thine
The black return of night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious ſun,
And ev'ry feebler light.

By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order ſtand;
The ſummer's warmth, and winter's cold
Attend on thy command.

PSALM LXXV.—N. V.

A Word to the Wicked.

DELUDED wretches I adviſ'd
Their errors to redreſs;
And warn'd bold ſinners that they ſhould
Their ſwelling pride ſuppreſs.

Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
No pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn necks, and learn
To ſpeak with leſs diſdain.

For GOD the great diſpoſer is,
And ſov'reign judge alone;
Who caſts the proud to earth, and lifts
The humble to a throne.

PSALM LXXVI.—M. V.

Advice to the Nations of the Earth.

WHILE impious crouds oppoſe thy reign,
Thou, LORD, their fury ſhalt reſtrain;
Thy ſtroke correct their ſtubborn will,
And teach them at thy ſhrine to kneel.

Low to our GOD, ye nations, bow,
Yield to his name the faithful vow;
Him ſerve with fear, and duteous bring
Your preſents to the heav'nly King;

That King, whoſe ſword, in wrath apply'd,
Lops in mid growth the tyrant's pride,
And threatful bids each earthly throne
His mightier ſway ſubmiſſive own.

PSALM LXXVII.—N. V.

Meditation on the wonderful Works and Counsels of GOD.

I'LL call to mind thy works of old,
The wonders of thy might;
On them my heart ſhall meditate,
My tongue ſhall them recite.

Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high,
O GOD, thy counſels are;
Who is ſo great as GOD as ours?
Who can with Him compare?

Long ſince a GOD of wonders thee
Thy reſcu'd people found;
Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen ſeed
With ſtrong deliv'rance crown'd.

Thro' rolling ſtreams thou find'ſt thy way,
Thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wond'rous paſſage, where no ſight
Thy footſteps can deſcry.

PSALM LXXVIII.—N. V.

Family-Instruction enjoined.

IN Jacob God this law ordain'd,
This league with Is'r'el made;
My words ſhall be, from age to age,
From race to race, convey'd;

That generations yet to come
May to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
And they again to theirs:

To teach them that in God alone
Their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his works forget,
But keep his juſt commands.

We will not hide them from our ſons,
Our offspring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the Lord, whoſe ſtrength
Has works of wonder wrought.

PSALM LXXIX.—N. V.

A Pſalm for a Day of Humiliation.

HOW long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
Muſt we for ever mourn?

Shall thy devouring jealous rage
Like fire for ever burn?

O think not on our former ſins,
But ſpeedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy ſaints,
Almoſt with ſorrow ſpent.

Thou God of our ſalvation, help,
And free our ſouls from blame;
So ſhall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praiſe thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.—N. V.

The ſame.

O Thou, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring people pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no return?

Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The luſtre of thy face diſplay,

And all the ills we ſuffer now
Like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.—N. V.

GOD's Concern for his People.

O! That my people wiſely would
My juſt commandments heed!
And Iſrael in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!

Then ſhould my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppoſe;
And my avenging hand be turn'd
Againſt their num'rous foes.

Their enemies and mine ſhould all
Before my footſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy ſtate
Should never know an end.

PSALM LXXXII.—N. V.

A Word to Magiſtrates.

GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
Where his impartial eye

In ſtate ſurveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.

How dare ye then unjuſtly judge,
Or be to ſinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor,
Let ſuch your juſtice find.

Protect the humble, helpleſs man,
Reduc'd to deep diſtreſs;
And let him not become a prey
To ſuch as would oppreſs.

Ariſe, and thy juſt judgments, LORD,
Throughout the earth diſplay;
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy ſov'reign ſway.

PSALM LXXXIII.—o. v.

A charitable Prayer for the Ungodly.

BEHOLD thy foes, O LORD, and ſee
How they do rage and cry:
And thoſe that bear a hate to thee,
Hold up their heads on high.

LORD, bring them all, we thee deſire,
To ſuch rebuke and ſhame,

That it may cauſe them to enquire,
And learn to ſeek thy name.

That they may know, and underſtand,
Thou art the GOD Moſt High;
Who ruleſt with thy mighty hand
The nations far and nigh.

PSALM LXXXIV.

PART I.—N. V.

Delight in GOD's House and Worship.

O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhow'ſt
The brightneſs of thy face!

My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To view thy bleſt abode:
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee the living GOD.

O LORD, of Hoſts, my King and GOD,
How highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praiſe diſplay!

Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee
Their ſure protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred ways,
That to thy dwelling lead.

They ſhall proceed from ſtrength to ſtrength,
And ſtill approach more near,
'Till all, on Sion's holy mount,
Before their GOD appear.

PART II.—O. V.

WITHIN thy courts, O LORD, one day
Is better to abide,
Than other where to keep or ſtay
A thouſand days behind.

Much rather had I keep a door
Within the houſe of GOD;
Than in the tents of wickedneſs
To ſettle my abode.

For GOD the LORD, light and defence,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will be with-hold,
From them that purely live.

O LORD of Hoſts, that man is bleſt,
Yea happy ſure is he,

That is perſuaded in his breaſt
To truſt all times in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.—N. V.

A Prayer for GOD's Favor.

WHY ſhould our GOD be angry ſtill,
And wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, LORD, and let thy ſaints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

Thy gracious favor, LORD, diſplay,
Which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wond'rous mercy's ſake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

GOD's anſwer patiently I'll wait,
For he with good ſucceſs
(If they no more to folly turn)
His mourning ſaints will bleſs.

PSALM LXXXVI.—N. V.

Prayer and Praise.

THOU, LORD, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;

Of plenteous mercy to all thoſe,
Who for thy mercy ſue.

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and I
From truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy ſacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praiſe, O LORD my GOD,
Praiſe thee with heart ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting name
Eternal honors rear.

Thy boundleſs mercy ſhewn to me
Tranſcends my pow'r to tell;
'Tis thou, who doſt redeem my ſoul
From loweſt depths of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.—o. v.

The Honor of GOD's Church.

GOD loves the gates of Sion beſt,
His grace doth there abide;
He loves them more than all the reſt
Of Jacob's tents beſide.

Full glorious things reported be
Of Sion all abroad:

Great things, I ſay, are ſaid of thee,
Thou city of our GOD.

In future records it ſhall ſtand,
And thence be made appear
Of Sion, that the Chief * of all
Had his beginning there.

Then with the ſacred bands I'll ſay,
(Who there in plenty be)
" My fountains, and my pleaſant ſprings
" Are all contain'd in thee."

* The Messiah.

PSALM LXXXVIII.—o. v.

Prayer in deep Diſtreſs.

GOD of my health, the hope and ſtay
Thou art alone to me:
I call and cry throughout the day,
And all the night to thee.

O let my pray'r with ſpeed aſcend
Unto thy ſight on high;
Incline thine ear, O LORD, attend,
And hearken to my cry.

Why doſt thou, LORD, forſake my ſoul,
That humbly ſeeketh thee?

And in my grief why doſt thou hide
Thy face away from me?

O let my pray'r with ſpeed aſcend
Unto thy ſight on high;
Incline thine ear, O LORD, attend,
And hearken to my cry.

PSALM LXXXIX.—o. v.

The Happiness and Security of GOD's People.

BLEST are the men, that know aright
The joyful ſound, O GOD;
For in the favor of thy ſight
They walk full ſafe abroad.

Yea in thy name, throughout the day,
They greatly do rejoice;
And thro' thy righteouſneſs do they
Exult in heart and voice.

For why? their glory, ſtrength, and aid,
In thee alone doth lie;
Thy goodneſs, unto us diſplay'd,
Shall lift our horn on high.

The ſtrength, that doth defend us well,
The LORD to us doth bring;

The holy one of Iſrael,
He is our guide and King.

PSALM XC.—N. V.

A Funeral Psalm.

O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of all thy choſen race,
From age to age thou ſtill haſt been
Our ſure abiding place.

Thou turneſt man, O Lord, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word *Return*,
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

How ſoon our boaſted ſtrength decays,
To ſorrow turn'd, and pain!
How ſoon the ſlender thread is cut,
And we no more remain!

So teach us, Lord, th'uncertain ſum
Of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XCI.—N. V.

The Righteous safe under GOD's Protection.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's ſhade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide:
Thus to my ſoul of Him I'll ſay,
"He is my fortreſs, and my ſtay,
"My God, in whom I will confide."

His tender love, and watchful care,
Shall free thee from the fowler's ſnare,
And from the noiſome peſtilence:
He over thee his wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded head:
His truth ſhall be thy ſtrong defence.

PSALM XCII.—N. V.

The Pleaſure of celebrating GOD's wond'rous Works.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
To thank the Lord Moſt High;
And with repeated hymns of praiſe
His name to magnify!

With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

How wond'rous are thy works, O LORD,
How deep are thy decrees;
Whoſe winding tracks, in ſecret laid,
No ſtupid ſinner ſees.

He little thinks, when wicked men
Like graſs look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd ſplendor muſt
For ever paſs away.

But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious ſhow;
As cedars that on Lebanon
In ſtately order grow.

PSALM XCIII.—N. V.

The Majeſty, Eternity, Power, and Holineſs of GOD.

WITH glory clad, with ſtrength array'd,
The LORD, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt fabric ſtill ſuſtains.

How ſurely ſtabliſh'd is thy throne,
Which ſhall no change or period ſee!
For thou, O LORD, and thou alone,
Art GOD from all eternity.

The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toſs the troubled waves on high;
But GOD above can ſtill their noiſe,
And make the angry ſea comply.

Thy promiſe, LORD, is ever ſure,
And they that in thy houſe would dwell,
That happy ſtation to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV.—N. V.

GOD's Chaſtiſements a Bleſſing to his People.

BLEST is the man, whom thou, O LORD,
In kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred rules to walk
Doſt lovingly adviſe.

This man ſhall reſt and ſafety find
In ſeaſons of diſtreſs;
While GOD prepares a pit for thoſe
That ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

For GOD will never from his saints
His favor wholly take;
His own poſſeſſion and his lot
He will not quite forſake.

The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
In all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright ways,
Shall in thoſe paths go on.

PSALM XCV.—N. V.

An Exhortation to praise GOD.

O Come, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.

Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favors paſt;
To him addreſs, in joyful ſongs,
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow in adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the LORD our Maker fall.

For He's our GOD, our ſhepherd He,
His flock and paſture-ſheep are we:
Then, like his flock, draw humbly near,
To-day his voice, attentive, hear.

PSALM XCVI.—M. V.

Jehovah the Sovereign and Judge of the World.

GREAT is the LORD, and great his praiſe:
What god like Him our fears can raiſe?
Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tribe,
Pow'r, glory, ſtrength, to Him aſcribe.

Yield to his name the honor due,
Oft to his courts your way purſue
With ſolemn ſteps, and joyful bring
The off'ring to your heav'nly King.

O tell to all, whom earth ſuſtains,
O tell them that Jehovah reigns;
That, fix'd by His Almighty Hand,
Its pond'rous orb unmov'd ſhall ſtand.

He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes to judge the world he made:
Truth ſhall with him the cauſe decide,
And equity his ſentence guide.

PSALM XCVII.—o. v.

GOD's righteous Government—the Faithful exhorted to serve and praise him.

THE LORD doth reign, for which the earth
May ſing with pleaſant voice;
The iſles alſo, with joyful mirth,
May triumph and rejoice.

Tho' clouds and awful darkneſs ſwell,
And round about him beat;
Yet truth and juſtice ever dwell,
And 'bide about his ſeat.

All ye, that love the LORD in heart,
Hate ev'ry thing that's ill;
For he preſerves the ſouls of his,
And will preſerve them ſtill.

Light ſpringeth up unto the juſt,
With pleaſure for his part;
Gladneſs and joy likewiſe to them,
That are of upright heart.

Ye righteous, in the LORD rejoice,
His holineſs proclaim;
And thankfully, with heart and voice,
Make mention of the ſame.

PSALM XCVIII.—6. v.

Praise to GOD for his Power and Goodness.

O Sing ye now unto the LORD
A new and pleasant song;
For he hath wrought throughout the world
His wonders great and strong.

The LORD doth make the people know,
His saving health and might;
He also doth his justice shew
In all the heathens' sight.

His grace and truth to Israel
In mind he doth record;
And all the earth hath seen right well
The goodness of the LORD.

Be glad in him with joyful voice,
All people on the earth;
Give thanks to GOD, sing and rejoice
To him with joy and mirth.

PSALM XCIX.—M. V.

Jehovah's Majesty, Justice, and Holiness.

JEHOVAH reigns, ye nations, own,
With proſtrate hearts, his ſway;
Betwixt the cherubs ſtands his throne,
Earth! tremble, and obey.

Thy pow'r, with equity ally'd,
Thro' time's long courſe hath ſtood:
Thy Judgments, LORD, the earth has try'd,
And knows them juſt and good.

Let each, with humble joy elate,
Before thy footſtool bow;
Thee, ceaſeleſs, praiſe; for who ſo great,
So holy, LORD, as thou?

PSALM C.—O. V.

Praise to GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all Mankind.

ALL people, that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with chearful voice;
Him ſerve with fear, his praiſe forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The LORD, ye know, is GOD alone,
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his ſheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praiſe,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praiſe, laud, and bleſs his name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.

For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His mercy is for ever ſure:
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

PSALM CI.—M. V.

The pious Housholder's Prayer and Purpose.

COME, O come, celeſtial gueſt,
Let my roof with thee be bleſt;
Let thy beams effulgent play,
And within my manſion ſtay.

Lo! my heart with ſtudious care
For thy preſence I prepare;
Nor ſhall my preſumptuous hand
Dare to break thy juſt command.

Hence ye children of deceit,
From my threſhold turn your feet;
Let the ſoul that dares a lie,
Inſtant from my preſence fly.

Come, ye faithful, juſt, and good,
Eager for the bright abode,
Come, in ſacred homage join,
To your own great LORD, and mine.

PSALM CII.—N. V.

The Eternity of the Creator.

THE ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous ſkill have made.

Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarniſh and decay.

When thou, O LORD, ordain'ſt their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou abideſt ſtill the ſame,
Nor have thy years an end.

PSALM CIII.—N. V.

The tender Mercy and Loving-kindness of GOD.

MY ſoul, inſpir'd with ſacred love,
GOD's holy name for ever bleſs;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.

The LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace:
His waken'd wrath doth ſlowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

GOD will not always harſhly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide
More by his love than our deſert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little ſpot of clay;
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends
The ſmall reſpects that we can pay.

PSALM CIV—O. V.

The Creator's Splendor and Majesty—All Nature obedient to Him.

MY ſoul, praiſe the Lord, ſpeak good of his name:
O Lord our great God, how doſt thou appear!
So paſſing in glory, that great is thy fame,
Majeſty and honor in thee ſhine moſt clear.

With light, as a robe, thou haſt thyſelf clad,
Whereby all the earth thy greatneſs may ſee;
The heavens in ſuch ſort thou alſo haſt ſpread,
That they to a curtain compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full ſure,
Which as his chariots are made him to bear;
And there with much ſwiftneſs his courſe doth endure,
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

He maketh his ſpirits as heralds to go,
And light'nings to ſerve we ſee alſo preſt;
His will to accompliſh they run to and fro,
To ſave or conſume things, as ſeemeth him beſt.

PART II.

THE praiſe of the LORD for ever ſhall laſt,
Who may in his works by right well rejoice:
His look can the earth make to tremble full faſt,
And likewiſe the mountains to ſmoke at his voice.

To this LORD and GOD will I ſing always:
So long as I live my GOD praiſe will I;
Then am I moſt certain my words ſhall him pleaſe;
I will rejoice in him, to him will I cry.

The ſinners will GOD conſume in his ire,
Alſo the perverſe he'll root out with ſhame;
But as for my ſoul now let it ſtill deſire,
And ſay with the faithful, Praiſe ye the LORD's name.

PSALM CV.—N. V.

An Exhortation to praiſe, and to fear GOD.

O Render thanks, and bleſs the LORD,
Invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchleſs deeds proclaim,

Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
And ſubject of your verſe.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly ſeek the LORD.

Seek ye the LORD, his ſaving ſtrength
Devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His face for evermore.

PSALM CVI.—N. V.

Praise to GOD, with Prayer for his Blessing.

O Render thanks to GOD above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm thro' ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
A tribute equal to his praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray;

Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But practiſe duly what they know.

Extend to me that favor, LORD,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford:
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy ſaints in full proſperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumphs mine.

PSALM CVII.—M. V.

The Mariner's Psalm.

WHO o'er the waves, from ſhore to ſhore,
The gifts of commerce bear,
The wonders of the deep explore,
And own that GOD is there.

By theſe his works are ſeen, his ways
By theſe are underſtood;
He ſpeaks the word, the ſtorm obeys,
And riſing lifts the flood.

Now high as heav'n the bark aſcends,
Now ſeeks the depth below;
Each heart beneath the terror bends,
And melts with inward woe.

As gorg'd with wine, in wild amaze
They reel from ſide to ſide;
Nor hope ſurvives their ſoul to raiſe,
Nor reaſon wakes to guide.

Diſtreſs'd, to GOD they make their pray'r;
Obedient to his will,
The ſtorms that rag'd, their rage forbear,
The ſeas that roar'd are ſtill.

Each grief, each fear, at once reſign'd,
They ſee the labour o'er;
Then led by him their haven find,
And touch the wiſh'd-for ſhore.

O! then that all would bleſs his name,
Whoſe mercy thus they prove;
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

PSALM CVIII.—o. v.

A ſolemn Reſolution to praiſe GOD.

O GOD, my heart prepared is,
My tongue is likewiſe ſo;

I will advance my voice in ſong,
That I thy praiſe may ſhew.

Awake, my viol and my harp,
Sweet melody to make;
And in the morning I myſelf
Right early will awake.

By me among the people LORD,
Still praiſed thou ſhalt be;
Yea I among the people round
Will praiſes ſing to thee.

Becauſe thy mercy doth aſcend
Above the heav'ns moſt high;
Thy truth doth alſo reach the clouds
Within the lofty ſky.

Above the ſtarry heavens high
Exalt thyſelf, O GOD;
Diſplay likewiſe upon the earth
Thy glory all abroad.

PSALM CIX.—N. V.

The Malice of Christ's Enemies—Their Ruin foretold.

HOW ſinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful ſpeeches frame;

And with their ſtudy'd ſlanders ſeek
To wound Meſſiah's fame!

Their reſtleſs hatred prompts them ſtill
Malicious lies to ſpread;
And all againſt his life combine,
By cauſeleſs fury led.

Thoſe, whom with tend'reſt love he us'd,
His chief oppoſers are;
While he, of other friends bereft,
Reſorts to GOD by pray'r.

His foes ſhall with diſgrace be cloath'd,
And, ſpite of all their pride,
Their own confuſion, like a cloak,
The guilty wretches hide.

PSALM CX—o. v.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

THE LORD did ſay unto my LORD,
Sit thou on my right-hand,
Until I make thy foes a ſtool,
Whereon thy feet ſhall ſtand.

The LORD ſhall out of Sion ſend
The ſceptre of thy might:

Amidſt thy mortal foes be thou
A ruler in their ſight.

And in the day on which thy reign
And power they ſhall ſee,
A free-will off'ring then ſhall all
The people give to thee.

The LORD hath ſworn, and from his oath
He never will depart,
" Of th' order of Melchizedec,
" A prieſt thou ever art."

PSALM CXI.—N. V.

Praise to GOD for his wond'rous Works.

PRAISE ye the LORD; our GOD to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'rs ſhall raiſe:
With private friends, and in the throng
Of ſaints his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.

His works, for greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His works with wond'rous eaſe are found,
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;

And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is the LORD.

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of GOD begin:
Immortal praise, and heav'nly skill
Have they who know, and do his will.

PSALM CXII.—N. V.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

THE man is blest, who stands in awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honors crown'd.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM CXIII.—N. V.

Praise to the great and glorious GOD.

YE saints and servants of the LORD,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name for ever bless:

Where-e'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God thro' the world extends his ſway;
The regions of eternal day
But ſhadows of his glory are:
To Him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'ns, in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

PSALM CXIV.—M. V.

GOD's Power displayed in delivering Israel from Egypt.

WHEN Jacob's ſons, thro' paths unknown,
From Egypt took their way;
In Judah's tribe his preſence ſhone,
And Iſrael own'd his ſway.

Old ocean ſaw them as they came,
He ſaw, and backward fled;
Recoiling Jordan turn'd his ſtream,
And ſought his fountain-head.

The mountains feel the ſudden ſhock,
As rams from off the ground

They ſpring; as younglings of the flock,
The hills affrighted bound.

Thou ocean, ſay, why, as they came,
Thy billows backward fled;
And what, O Jordan, urg'd thy ſtream
To ſeek its fountain-head?

Ye mountains, whence the ſudden ſhock?
Why leap ye from the ground
As rams? as younglings of the flock,
Say, why, O hills, ye bound.

Earth! inſtant, to thy loweſt baſe
Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
While heav'n's high LORD reveals his face,
While Jacob's GOD is near.

PSALM CXV.—N. V.

Encouragement to the Righteous to truſt in GOD.

LET all, who truly fear the LORD,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants ſupply.

On you and on your heirs he will
Increaſe of bleſſing bring;

Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
Of this Almighty King.

They who in death and ſilence ſleep,
To him no praiſe afford;
But we will bleſs for evermore
The ever-living LORD.

PSALM CXVI.—N. V.

Gratitude for Deliverance from Danger.

MY ſoul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is poſſeſs'd,
Becauſe the LORD vouchſaf'd to hear
The voice of my requeſt.

Then, free from penſive cares, my ſoul,
Reſume thy wonted reſt;
For GOD has wond'rouſly to thee
His bounteous love expreſs'd.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers, and my fears;
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which GOD to me ſhall lend,

Will I in praiſes to his name,
And in his ſervice, ſpend.

PSALM CXVII.—N. V.

The World invited to praise GOD.

WITH chearful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raiſe:
Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.—M. V.

Christ the Glory of the Church—Prayer for her Prosperity.

THAT which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner-ſtone:
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.

This day is GOD's; let all the land
Exalt their chearful voice:
LORD, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
And make us ſtill rejoice.

Him that approaches in GOD's name,
Let all th'aſſembly bleſs;
We that belong to GOD's own houſe,
Have wiſh'd you good ſucceſs.

O then let all give thanks to GOD,
Who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe
Be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

PART I.—N. V.

GOD's Word treasured up in the Heart the best Security against Sin.

WITH hearty zeal for Thee I ſeek,
To Thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps
From thy right paths to ſtray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name:
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

PART II.—N. V.

A Prayer against a worldly Mind.

INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, LORD,
Thy righteous paths display;
That I from them, thro' all my life,
No more may go astray.

Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
My thoughts from thee divert.

From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyſelf,
No change or period know.

PART III.—N. V.

The Excellency of GOD's Word.

THE wonders, which thy laws contain,
No words can repreſent;
Therefore to learn and practiſe them
My zealous heart is bent.

The very entrance of thy word
Celeſtial light diſplays,
And knowledge of true happineſs
To ſimpleſt minds conveys.

Directed by this heav'nly word
May all my footſteps be!
Nor wickedneſs of any kind
Dominion have o'er me!

PART IV.—O. V.

The Breathings of a devout Soul.

WITH fervent heart I call and cry,
Now anſwer me, O LORD;
That thy commandments to obſerve
I fully may accord.

To thee, O LORD, I make my ſuit,
Hear me, I humbly pray;
Thy teſtimonies then will I
With willing heart obey.

To thee I cry in early morn,
Before the day appear;
For in thy word I put my truſt,
And thee alone I fear.

My eyes prevent the night-watches,
Before they call I wake;
That, meditating on thy word,
I might ſome comfort take.

I have been loſt, and gone aſtray,
Much like a wand'ring ſheep;
LORD, ſeek me, ſince I ſtill deſire
Thy ſtatutes for to keep.

PSALM CXX.—M. V.

The end of deceitful Lips and a false Tongue.

TO God I cry'd, with anguiſh ſtung,
(Nor form'd a fruitleſs pray'r;)
O ſave me from the lying tongue,
And lips that would enſnare.

Thou child of guilt, to falſehood bred,
Say, what ſhall be thy end?
See! keeneſt arrows o'er thy head,
And quenchleſs coals impend.

PSALM CXXI.—N. V.

The Confidence of the Faithful.

TO Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

Then thou, my ſoul, in ſafety reſt,
Thy guardian will not ſleep;
His watchful care, that Is'rel guards,
Will Is'rel's houſhold keep.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy GOD ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.—N. V.

Delight in Public Worship—A Prayer for the Church.

O 'Twas a joyful ſound to hear
Our tribes devoutly ſay,
Up, Is'rel, to the temple haſte,
And keep your feſtal day.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The ſaints of GOD repair,
Before his throne to celebrate
His name with praiſe and pray'r.

O pray we then for *Salem's* peace,
For they ſhall proſp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our GOD,
That bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy ſacred walls
A conſtant gueſt be found!
With plenty and proſperity
Be thou for ever crown'd!

PSALM CXXIII—O. V.

GOD the Comfort of his Church, amidst worldly Contempt.

O Thou that in the heav'ns doſt dwell,
I lift my eyes to thee;
Ev'n as a ſervant lifteth his,
His maſter's hand to ſee.

As handmaids watch their miſtreſs' hand,
Some favor to receive;
So we behold the LORD our GOD,
'Till he do us forgive.

O grant to us compaſſion, LORD,
And mercy in thy ſight;
For we are fill'd and overcome
With hatred and deſpite.

Our minds are fill'd with great rebuke,
The rich and worldly wiſe
Do make of us their laughing-ſtocks,
The proud do us deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV.—N. V.

A Pſalm of Gratitude for any public Deliverance.

HAD not the LORD (may Is'rel ſay)
Been pleas'd to interpoſe;

Had he not then eſpous'd our cauſe,
When men againſt us roſe;

Their wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without controul;
Their ſpite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

But prais'd be our eternal LORD,
Who reſcu'd us that day,
Nor to their ſavage jaws gave up
Our threaten'd lives a prey.

Our ſoul is like a bird eſcap'd
From out the fowler's net;
The ſnare is broke, their hopes are croſs'd,
And we at freedom ſet.

Secure in his Almighty name
Our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heav'n and earth,
Of both ſole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.—O. V.

The Security of the Faithful.

THOSE that do place their confidence
Upon the LORD our GOD indeed,

And flee to Him for their defence,
In all their misery and need;

Their faith is sure still to endure,
Grounded on Christ, the corner-stone:
Mov'd with no ill, it standeth still
Like Sion's mount, whose strength is known.

And as about Jerusalem
The mighty hills do it surround,
So that no foes can come to them,
To vex, to injure, or confound;

So GOD indeed, in every need,
His faithful people doth defend,
Standing them by, assuredly,
From this time forth world without end.

PSALM CXXVI.—N. V.

Sion's Gratitude for Deliverance from Captivity.

WHEN Sion's GOD her sons recall'd
From long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
Of what they wish'd to see:

But soon in unaccustom'd mirth
They did their voice employ,

And ſung their great creator's praiſe
In thankful hymns of joy.

Their heathen foes repining ſtood,
Yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the work,
Which GOD for them had done.

'Twas great, ſaid they, 'twas wond'rous great:
Much more ſhould *we* confeſs,
The LORD has done great things, * whereof
We reap the glad ſucceſs.

* In ſending his Son to *obtain Eternal Redemption for us.*—See Biſhop Horne on the Paſſage.

PSALM CXXVII.—N. V.

No Proſperity without GOD's Bleſſing.

WE build with fruitleſs coſt, unleſs
The LORD the pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the LORD the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

In vain we riſe before the day,
And late to reſt repair;
Allow no reſpite to our toil,
But eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with eaſe to them,
GOD on his ſaints beſtows;
He crowns their labour with ſucceſs,
Their nights with ſound repoſe.

PSALM CXXVIII.—N. V.

The Bleſſings of thoſe who fear GOD, and keep his Commandments.

THE man is bleſt that fears the LORD,
Nor only worſhip pays,
But keeps his ſteps confin'd with care
To GOD's appointed ways.

He ſhall upon the ſweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
On GOD dependant live, and ſee
His beſt deſires ſucceed.

His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit ſhall bring;
His children, like young olive-plants,
About his table ſpring.

Who fears the LORD, ſhall proſper thus;
Him Sion's GOD ſhall bleſs;

And grant him all his days to see
Jeruſalem's ſucceſs.

PSALM CXXIX.—M. V.

GOD's Mercy to the Church—The Doom of her Perſecutors.

FROM my youth up, may Is'rel ſay,
They oft have me aſſail'd;
Reduc'd me oft to heavy ſtraits,
But never quite prevail'd.

They oft have plow'd my patient back
With furrows deep and long;
But our juſt GOD has broke their chains,
And reſcu'd us from wrong.

Defeat, confuſion, ſhameful rout,
Shall be the doom of thoſe,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's GOD oppoſe.

PSALM CXXX.—N. V.

GOD's Redemption the Support of the Faithful.

FROM loweſt depths of woe
To GOD I ſent my cry;

Lord hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

Shouldſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee the living LORD;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning-watch
To ſpy the dawning day.

Let Is'rel truſt in GOD
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource, and ſpring from whence
Eternal ſuccour flows.

Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe,
And waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.—O. V.

The Humility of the Righteous—An Exhortation to trust in GOD.

O LORD, I am not puft in mind,
I have no ſcornful eye;
I do not exerciſe myſelf
In things that be too high,

But as an infant-child, that's wean'd
Ev'n from his mother breaſt;
So have I, LORD, myſelf demean'd,
In ſilence and in reſt.

Truſt thou, O Is'rel, in the LORD,
Let Him be all thy ſtay,
From this time forth for evermore,
From age to age alway.

PSALM CXXXII.—N. V.

GOD's Favor to his Church, and to Meſſiah her King.

LO! Sion doth in GOD's eſteem
All other ſeats excel;

His place of everlaſting reſt,
Where he deſires to dwell.

Her ſtore, ſays he, I will increaſe,
Her poor with plenty bleſs;
Her ſaints ſhall ſhout for joy, her prieſts
My ſaving health confeſs.

There on his royal throne ſhall reign
A prince of David's line;
My own anointed ſervant there
Shall with freſh luſtre ſhine.

The faces of his vanquiſh'd foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
While with confirm'd ſucceſs his crown
Shall flouriſh on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.—N. V.

The Bleſſings of Brotherly Love.

HOW vaſt muſt their advantage be,
How great their pleaſure prove,
Who live like brethren, and conſent
In offices of love!

True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,

Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its coſtly moiſture ſhed.

'Tis like refreſhing dew, which does
On Hermon's top diſtil;
Or like the early drops, that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

For GOD to all, whoſe friendly hearts
With mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days,
With conſtant bleſſings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.—O. V.

An Exhortation to praiſe GOD.

BEHOLD and have regard,
Ye ſervants of the LORD:
Ye who within his houſe attend,
Praiſe him with one accord.

Lift up your hands on high,
Unto his holy place;
And give the LORD his praiſes due,
His benefits embrace.

For why? the LORD our GOD,
Who heav'n and earth did frame,

Doth Sion bleſs, and will preſerve
For evermore the ſame.

PSALM CXXXV.—N. V.

The ſame.

O Praiſe the LORD with one conſent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the ſervants of the LORD
His worthy praiſe proclaim.

Praiſe him, all ye that in his houſe
Attend with conſtant care;
With thoſe that to his ſacred courts
With humble zeal repair.

For this our trueſt int'reſt is,
Glad hymns of praiſe to ſing;
And with loud ſongs to bleſs his name
A moſt delightful thing.

PSALM CXXXVI.—N. V.

Praise to GOD for the Wonders of Creation and Providence.

TO GOD the mighty LORD
Your joyful thanks repeat;

To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great:
For GOD does prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For GOD &c.

He ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land;
And made the riſing ground
Above the waters ſtand.
For GOD &c.

He does the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live:
To Him, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
For GOD &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.—N. V.

The Diſtreſs of the captive Jews—Our happier Circumſtances.

WHEN Judah's ſons, their limbs to reſt,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' ſtream;

They wept, with doleful thoughts oppreſs'd,
And Sion was their mournful theme.

Their harps, which, when with joy they ſung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With ſilent ſtrings neglected hung,
On willow-trees that wither'd there.

How could they tune their voice to ſing?
Or touch the harp with ſkilful hands?
But *we* may ſing to GOD our King,
No exiles we in foreign lands.

PSALM CXXXVIII.—N. V.

A grateful Reſolution to praiſe GOD.

WITH my whole heart, my GOD and King,
Thy praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll ſing,
And bleſs thy holy name.

I'll worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat,
And, with thy love inſpir'd,
The praiſes of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;

And when my ſoul was preſs'd with fear,
Didſt inward ſtrength ſupply.

For GOD, altho' enthron'd on high,
Does thence the poor reſpect;
The proud far off his ſcornful eye
Beholds with juſt neglect.

PSALM CXXXIX.—N. V.

GOD's Omnipresence.

O Could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee;
Where, LORD, could I thy influence ſhun?
Or whither from thy preſence run?

If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light:
If down to Hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.

If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the weſtern main;
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
Beneath the ſable wings of night;

One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes:
Thro' midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

Search, try, O GOD, my thoughts and heart,
If miſchief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.—M. V.

The Prayer of the Oppressed.

THOU art my GOD, to thee on high
Thus proſtrate at thy throne I cry;
O let my pray'r by thee be heard,
From undiſſembling lips preferr'd.

My heart has known thee, LORD, prepar'd
The helpleſs and the poor to guard,
To ſave them from oppreſſion's jaws,
And vindicate their injur'd cauſe.

The ſouls ſubjected to thy fear,
To thee the thankful voice ſhall rear;

And, ſtudious of thy juſt command,
Within thy ſight accepted ſtand.

PSALM CXLI.—N. V.

A Prayer againſt unguarded Language, and evil Communications.

TO thee, O LORD, my cries aſcend,
O haſte to my relief;
And with accuſtom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.

Inſtead of off'rings let my pray'r
Like morning incenſe riſe;
My lifted hands ſupply the place
Of ev'ning ſacrifice.

From haſty language curb my tongue,
And let a conſtant guard
Still keep the portals of my lips,
With wary ſilence barr'd.

From wicked men's deſigns and deeds
My heart and hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the booty ſhare
Of their unrighteous gain.

Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I ſhall think them kind;
Like balm, that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof ſhall find.

But, LORD, to thee I ſtill direct
My ſupplicating eyes:
O leave not deſtitute my ſoul,
Whoſe truſt on thee relies.

PSALM CXLII.—N. V.

Prayer in Diſtreſs.

TO GOD in grief I pray'd,
Thou, LORD, my refuge art;
My portion in the land of life,
'Till life itſelf depart.

Reduc'd to greateſt ſtraits,
To thee I make my moan;
O ſave me from oppreſſive foes,
For me too pow'rful grown.

That I may praiſe thy name,
My ſoul from priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind regard to me
Aſſembled ſaints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.—N. V.

A Prayer for Pardon and Holiness.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd faith and truth
A gracious anſwer ſend.

Nor at thy ſtrict tribunal bring
Thy ſervant to be try'd;
For in thy ſight no living man
Can e'er be juſtify'd.

Thy kindneſs early let me hear,
Whoſe truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the way which I ſhould go,
My ſoul to thee aſcends.

Thou art my GOD: thy righteous will
Inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good ſpirit lead and keep
My ſoul in the right way.

PSALM CXLIV.—M. V.

GOD's Condescension—Man's Frailty.

LORD what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot ſhould find a ſhare?

Or what the ſon of man, that thou
Thus to his wants thine ear ſhouldſt bow?

What are his days? a ſpan their line;
Or what his age, compar'd with thine?
Himſelf, when in the balance weigh'd,
A nothing, and his life a ſhade.

PSALM CXLV.—N. V.

GOD merciful and gracious.

THE LORD is good; freſh acts of grace
His pity ſtill ſupplies;
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
His willing mercy flies.

The LORD does them ſupport that fall,
And makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food ſupplies.

How holy is the LORD, how juſt!
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm truſt,
For his aſſiſtance prays!

He grants the full deſires of thoſe
Who him with fear adore;

And will their troubles ſoon compoſe,
When they his aid implore.

PSALM CXLVI.—N. V.

GOD alone worthy of Confidence.

ON Kings, the greateſt ſons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn,
And there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain deſigns
Together with them lie.

Then happy he, who Jacob's GOD
For his protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd hope, the LORD
His conſtant refuge makes.

The LORD, who made the heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

PSALM CXLVII.—N. V.

GOD's Care for his Church.

O Praiſe the LORD with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
To praiſe his holy name.

His holy city GOD will build,
Tho' levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, tho' diſpers'd
Thro' all the nations round.

He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does cloſe;
He tells the number of the ſtars,
Their ſev'ral names he knows.

Great is the LORD, and great his pow'r,
His wiſdom has no bound;
The meek he raiſes, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

PSALM CXLVIII.—N. V.

Heaven and Earth called upon to praise GOD.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſongs employ
Above the ſtarry frame;
Your voices raiſe,
Ye cherubim,
And ſeraphim,
To ſing his praiſe.

Thou moon, that rul'ſt the night,
And ſun, that guid'ſt the day,
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let earth her tribute pay:
Praiſe Him, ye dreadful whales,
And fiſh that thro' the ſea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring ſcales;
Fire, hail, and ſnow,
And miſty air,
And wind that, where
He bids them, blow.

United zeal be ſhewn
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe:
Earth's utmoſt ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious ſway
The ſky tranſcends.

PSALM CXLIX.—N. V.

The Faithful invited to extol their Creator and Preſerver.

O Praiſe ye the LORD, prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great aſſembly to ſing:
In our great Creator let Is'rel rejoice,
And children of Sion be glad in their king.

Let them his great name extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp his praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes pleaſure his ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation the humble to bleſs.

With glory adorn'd his people ſhall ſing
To GOD, who their beds with ſafety does ſhield;
Their mouths fill'd with praiſes of him their great king,
The ſword of the ſpirit their right-hand ſhall wield.

PSALM CL.—N. V.

Angels, and all Creatures, called upon to praise the Lord.

O Praiſe the LORD in that bleſt place,
From whence his goodneſs largely flows:
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd, in perfect glory, ſhews.

Praiſe him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford
In juſt returns of praiſe employ:
Let ev'ry creature praiſe the LORD.

DOXOLOGIES.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be;
As was, and is, and ſhall be ſtill
To all eternity.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God, whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him, all creatures here below,
Praiſe Him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

Extract from Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions to the Clergy.—A. D. 1559.

For the comforting of ſuch that delight in Muſic, it may be permitted that in the Beginning or in the End of Common Prayer, either at Morning or Evening, there may be ſung an Hymn, or ſuch like Song, to the Praiſe of Almighty God, in the beſt Melody and Muſic, that may be conveniently deviſed, having reſpect that the Senſe of the Hymn may be underſtood and perceived.

See Sparrow's Collection of Articles and Canons, page 80, 4*to edit.* 1684.

HYMNS,

&c.

I.—VENI CREATOR.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Viſit our minds, and into us
Thy heav'nly grace inſpire;
That for all truth and godlineſs
We may have true deſire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In all grief and diſtreſs;
The heav'nly gift of God Moſt High,
Which no tongue can expreſs.

The fountain and the living ſpring
Of joy celeſtial;
The fire ſo bright, the love ſo ſweet,
The unction ſpiritual.

Part the second.

O Holy Ghoſt, into our ſouls
Send down thy heav'nly light;
Inflame our hearts with fervent love,
To ſerve GOD day and night.

Our weakneſs ſtrengthen and confirm,
Which feeble is, and frail;
That neither Devil, world, nor fleſh,
Againſt us may prevail.

Grant us, O LORD, thro' thee to know
The Father of all might;
That of his dear beloved Son
We may attain the ſight:

And alſo that with perfect faith
We may acknowledge Thee,
Th' Eternal Spirit of them both,
One GOD in perſons three.

II.—*A Prayer to the Holy Ghost, proper to be sung before Sermon.*

COME Holy Spirit, GOD of might,
The Comforter of all;
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.

O Holy Ghoſt, viſit our land,
Defend us with thy ſhield;
Againſt all ſin and wickedneſs
Help us to win the field.

O holy Spirit, guide aright
The preachers of thy word;
That thou by them may'ſt cut down ſin
As with a mighty ſword.

Depart not from thy paſtors pure,
But aid them at their need,
Who break to us the bread of life,
Whereon our ſouls do feed.

In our time give thy peace, O LORD,
To nations far and nigh;
And teach them all thy word, that they
May ſing to thee Moſt High.

III.—*The Lamentation of a Sinner.*

O LORD, turn not thy face away
From him that lies proſtrate,
Lamenting ſore his ſinful life
Before thy mercy's gate;

Which thou doſt open wide to thoſe
That do lament their ſin:
O ſhut it not againſt me, LORD,
But let me enter in.

Call me not to a ſtrict account,
How I have lived here;
For then I know right well, O LORD,
Moſt vile I ſhall appear.

I need not to confeſs my life,
For ſurely thou canſt tell:
What I have been, and what I am,
Thou knoweſt very well.

O LORD, I need not to repeat
What now I beg and crave;
For thou doſt know, before I aſk,
The thing that I would have.

MERCY, good LORD, MERCY I aſk,
This is the total ſum;
For MERCY, LORD, is all my ſuit,
O! let thy MERCY come.

IV.—*A Morning Hymn.*

AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun,
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;

Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe,
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Redeem thy miſpent time that's paſt,
Live this day as if 'twere thy laſt;
T'improve thy talent take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-ſeeing GOD thy ways
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

Glory to GOD, who ſafe hath kept,
And hath refreſh'd me while I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

V.—*An Evening Hymn.*

GLORY to thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done,
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eye-lids cloſe,
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my GOD when I awake.

May my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep,
His watchful ſtation near me keep:
Let no vain dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

LORD, let my ſoul for ever ſhare
The bliſs of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To ſee thy face, and ſing thy love.

VI.—*For Advent.*

FATHER, our hearts we lift,
Up to thy gracious throne;

And bleſs thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

The gift unſpeakable
We thankfully receive;
And to the world thy goodneſs tell,
And to thy glory live.

O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace;
And meekly in his ſpirit live
And in his love increaſe!

'Till he convey us home
Cry ev'ry ſoul aloud,
Come, thou deſire of nations, come,
"And take us all to GOD."

VII.—*For Christmas-Day.*

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"GOD and ſinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies,
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem."

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the ſun of righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

Hark! the herald, &c.

VIII.—*For the same.*

BLESS'D he that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heav'n;
Hoſannas of the higheſt ſtrain
To Chriſt the LORD be given.

Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' Hoſanna on their tongues;
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe, and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

IX.—*For the Close of the Year.*

LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thankſgivings raiſe;

'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praiſe.

Now thro' another year
Supported by his care,
We raiſe our *Ebenezer* here,
"The LORD has help'd thus far."

Our lot in future years
Unable to foreſee,
He, kindly to prevent our fears,
Says, "leave it all to me."

Yea, LORD, we wiſh to caſt
Our cares upon thy breaſt!
Help us to praiſe thee for the paſt,
And truſt thee for the reſt.

X.—*For the Commencement of the New Year.*

REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds,
Of the revolving year!
How ſwift the weeks compleat their rounds,
How ſhort the months appear!

So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
GOD's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to ſee;
That I may act the chriſtian part,
And give the year to thee.

So ſhall their courſe more grateful roll,
If future years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my ſmiling ſoul
To joy that never dies.

XI.—*For the Epiphany.*

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected ſtar!
Jacob's ſtar, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

Fear not hence that ill ſhould flow,
Wars, or peſtilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults ceaſe,
Uſh'ring in the prince of peace.

Mild he ſhines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the ſhades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-ſpread night,
Kindling darkneſs into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haſte to ſee your God appear!

Haſte, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifeſted there!

XII—*For Lent.*

O Thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
His help and comfort ſtill afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

A broken heart, my GOD, my King,
Is all the ſacrifice I bring;
The GOD of grace will ne'er deſpiſe
A broken heart for ſacrifice.

XIII.—*For Easter-Day.*

ANGEL! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom!

Hail, victorious Jeſus, hail!
On thy clouds of glory ſail,
In long triumph up the ſky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Shout, ye ſaints, in rapt'rous ſong,
Join, ye pure angelic throng;
Sing the Son of GOD this morn
From the ſepulchre new-born.

Sing we to our GOD above,
Praiſe eternal as his love;
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

XIV.—*For the same.*

BLESS'D be the everlaſting GOD,
The Father of our LORD;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky;
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.

What tho' our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt?
Yet as the LORD our Saviour roſe,
So all his foll'wers muſt.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

XV.—*For Aſcension-Day.*

O For a ſhout of ſacred joy,
To GOD the ſov'reign King,
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

Jeſus our GOD aſcends on high,
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him riſing thro' the ſky,
With trumpet's joyful ſound.

While angels ſhout, and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains;

Let all the earth his honours ſing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn word,
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

XVI.—*For the same.*

REJOICE, the LORD is King,
Your LORD and King adore,
Mortals give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The GOD of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus the judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up,
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of GOD ſhall ſound, "Rejoice."

XVII.—*For Whit-Sunday.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear LORD! and ſhall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

XVIII.—*For the same.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the darkneſs from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
To ſanctify the ſoul,
To pour freſh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell thou within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

XIX.—*For Trinity Sunday.*

WE give immortal praiſe
To GOD the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He ſent his own eternal Son,
To die for ſins that man had done.

To GOD the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood
From everlaſting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And ſees the fruit of all his pains.

To GOD the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live:
His work compleats the great deſign,
And fills the ſoul with joy divine.

Almighty GOD, to Thee
Be endleſs honors done;
The undivided THREE,
And the myſterious ONE:
Where reaſon fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

XX.—*For a Fast-Day.*

GREAT God of Hosts, attend our pray'r,
And make the *British* isles thy care:
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.

Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the dust defile our crown,
Deluge our houses with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.

But 'midst the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage:
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

Safe may our happy land remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign;
'Till ev'ry hostile tumult cease,
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

XXI.—*The same.*

GREAT God of heav'n and nature, rise,
And hear our loud united cries:
See *Britain* bow before thy face,
Thro' all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

No arm of fleſh we make our truſt,
Nor ſword, nor horſe, nor ſhips we boaſt:
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and ſkill are vain.

Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On ev'ry ſhore, on ev'ry town;
But view us, LORD, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes;
Reform'd, and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, prieſts, and people ſhine.

So ſhall our GOD delight to bleſs,
And crown our arms with wide ſucceſs:
Our foes ſhall dread Jehovah's ſword,
And conqu'ring *Britain* ſhout the LORD.

XXII.—*For a Thanksgiving after Victory.*

THO thine Almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day:
Thy terrors, LORD, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;

Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.

In vain to idol-saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our GOD?

The rock of Is'rel ever lives,
His name be ever blest!
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

XXIII.—*For the Sacrament.*

AND are we now brought near to GOD,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

Draw us, O LORD, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here we may see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here.

O may that love, which ſpread thy board,
Diſpoſe us for the feaſt!
May faith behold a ſmiling GOD,
Thro' Jeſus' bleeding breaſt.

Fir'd with the view, our ſouls ſhall riſe
In ſuch a ſcene as this;
And view the happy moment near,
Which ſhall compleat our bliſs.

XXIV.—*For the same.*

LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
By him our ſouls are fed;
Thou art the living ſtream, O LORD,
And thou th' immortal bread.

The Manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

The Jews, the Fathers, died at laſt,
Who eat that heav'nly bread;
But theſe proviſions, which we taſte,
Can raiſe us from the dead.

Bleſt be the LORD, that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men;

And often ſpreads his table freſh,
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

XXV.—*For the same.*

COME, let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

XXVI.—*For a Funeral.*

THEE we adore, Eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.

Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves one the number leſs.

Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

Waken, O LORD, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with GOD!

XXVII.—*For the same.*

WHENE'ER our friends are ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand;
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which friendſhip muſt demand.

While friendſhip prompts the riſing ſigh,
Within each heaving breaſt;
O may this truth "I too muſt die"
Moſt deeply be impreſt!

Let this vain world engage no more,
Behold the gaping tomb!

It bids us ſeize the preſent hour,
To-morrow death may come.

O let us fly, to Jeſus fly,
Whoſe pow'rful arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

XXVIII.—*Gratitude.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me on to man.

When worn by ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul by grace.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XXIX.—*Praise to the Creator and Redeemer.*

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

XXX.—*A Paraphrase on the* 100*th Psalm.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

XXXI.—*Christ the King of Glory.*

OUR LORD is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlaſting doors, give way.

Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold th 'ethereal ſcene;
He claims theſe manſions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jeſus is the conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlaſting doors, give way.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The LORD of glorious pow'r poſſeſs'd,
The King of ſaints and angels too,
GOD over all, for ever bleſt.

XXXII.—*Chriſt dying, riſing, and reigning.*

HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;

A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies,
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!

Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jeſus the dead, revives again!

The riſing GOD forſakes the tomb:
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe,)
Angelic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains:

Say, "live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?"

XXXIII.—*Praise to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay;
Without one chearing beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the ſhining ſeats aboye,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

XXXIV.—*Salvation.*

SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

XXXV.—*Chriſt's Commiſſion.*

COME, happy ſouls, approach your GOD,
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, tender to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love,
That pity'd dying men;

The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a GOD.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne;
When Chriſt on the kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.

Here, ſinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you ſhall never die.

XXXVI.—*The Lord our Righteousness.*

JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds, in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

When from the duſt of earth I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies;

Ev'n then ſhall this be all my plea,
" Jeſus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' thee abſolv'd I am,
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid now thy baniſh'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus the LORD, *our Righteouſneſs.*

XXXVII.—*The Myſteries of Providence.*

GOD moves in a myſterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain:
GOD is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXXVIII.—*Grace and Holiness.*

SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour GOD,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;

While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the LORD;
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

XXXIX.—*Chriſt our Glory.*

ASHAM'D of Jeſus? can it be?
A mortal man aſham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor!
O may I ſcorn it more and more!

Aſham'd of Jeſus? of that friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No! when I bluſh, be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.

Aſham'd of Jeſus? yes I may,
When I've no ſins to waſh away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal ſoul to ſave.

'Till then—(nor is the boaſting vain,)
'Till then, I'll boaſt a Saviour ſlain:
And O! may this my portion be,
That Saviour not aſham'd of me.

XL.—*Christ's second Advent.*

HE comes! he comes, the Judge ſevere,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
The light'nings flaſh, the thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul.

From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the Almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD.

Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our GOD, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

APPENDIX.

For Good-Friday.

WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs,
On which the prince of glory dy'd;
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt my GOD;
All the vain things, that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown!

Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

For the same.

ALL ye that paſs by,
To Jeſus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?

Our ranſom and peace,
Our ſurety he is;
Come, ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

The LORD in the day
Of his anger did lay
Our ſins on the lamb, and he bore them away.

He dies to atone
For ſins not his own;
The Father hath puniſh'd for us his dear Son.

O may we embrace
The ranſoming grace
Of him who hath ſuffer'd and dy'd in our place!

With joy we approve
The deſign of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.

Before Sermon.

GREAT GOD, thy ſov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

Shew our forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge dwells without decay,
And pleaſures never die.

After Sermon.

THANKS we give, and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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FINIS.